

JEWELL SCHOOL DISTRICT



T 116895



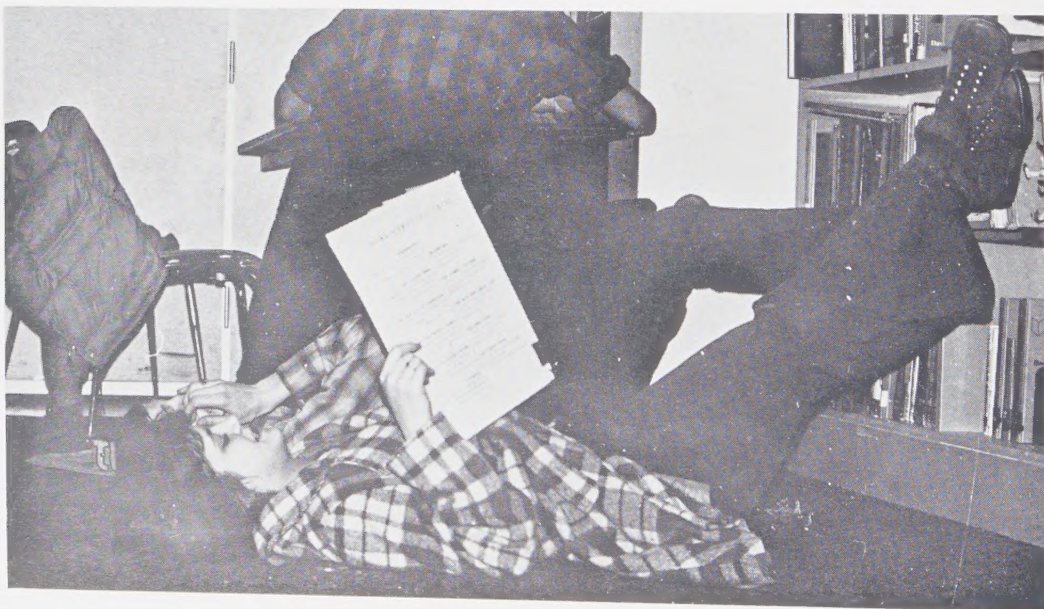
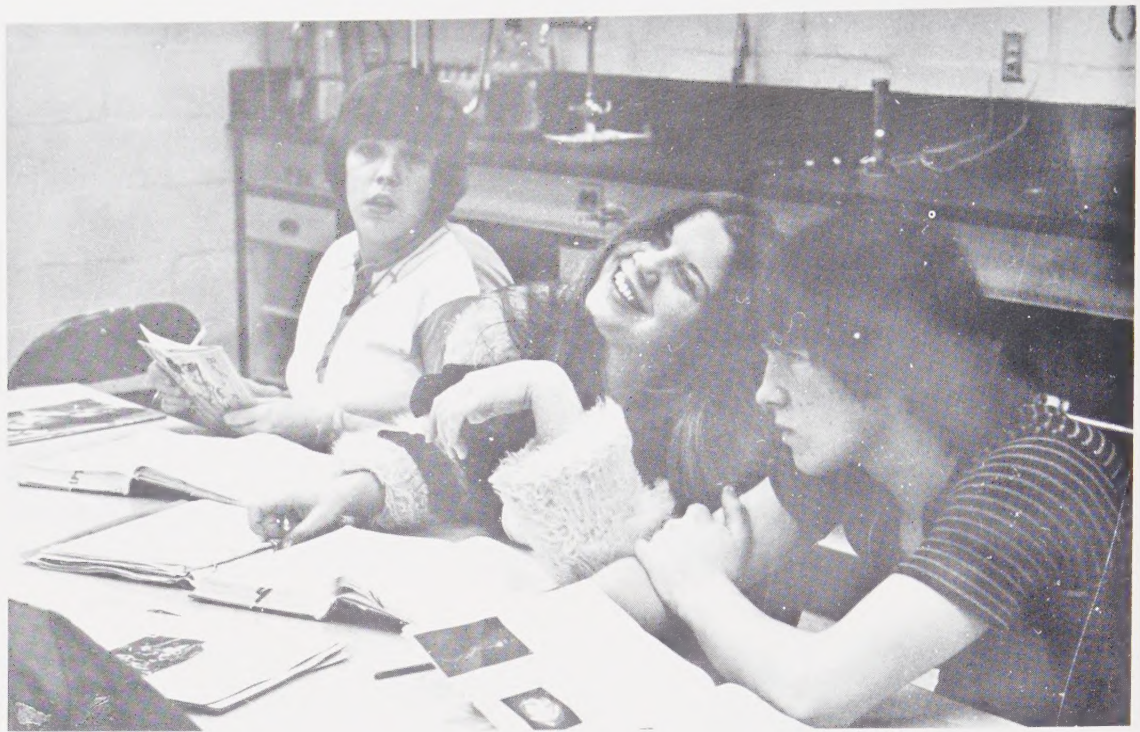
Jewell - 1975

Property
of Jewell School
Seaside OR 97138

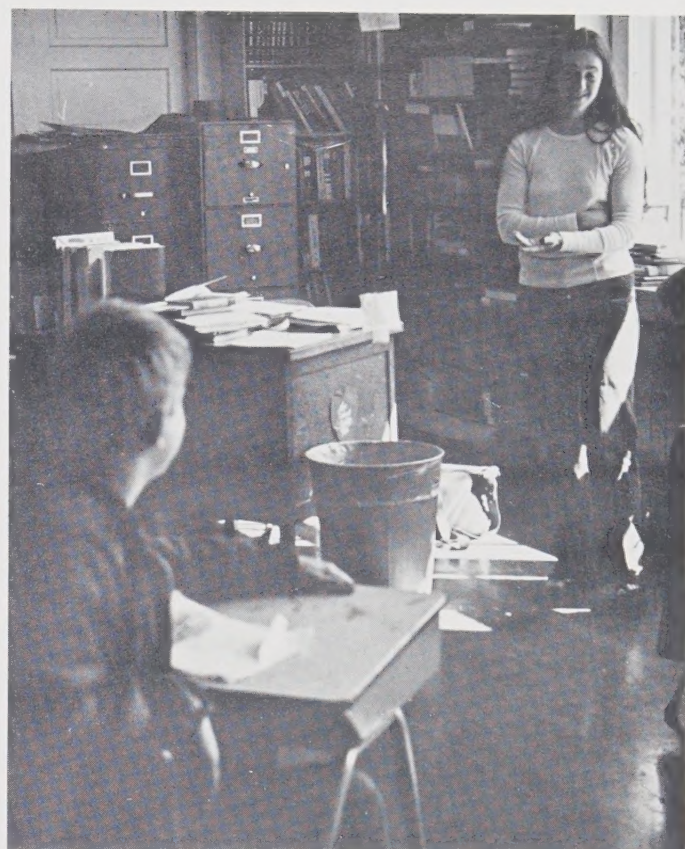
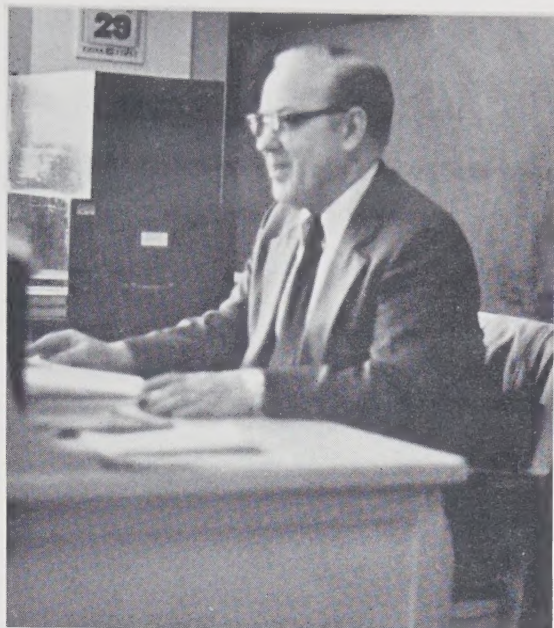


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Francis M. Wallace

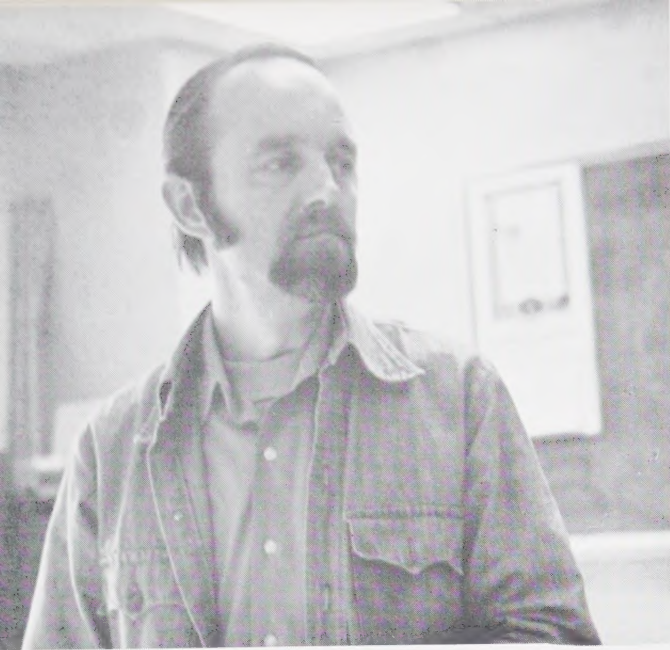


Meg Bruske



Mrs. McHenry





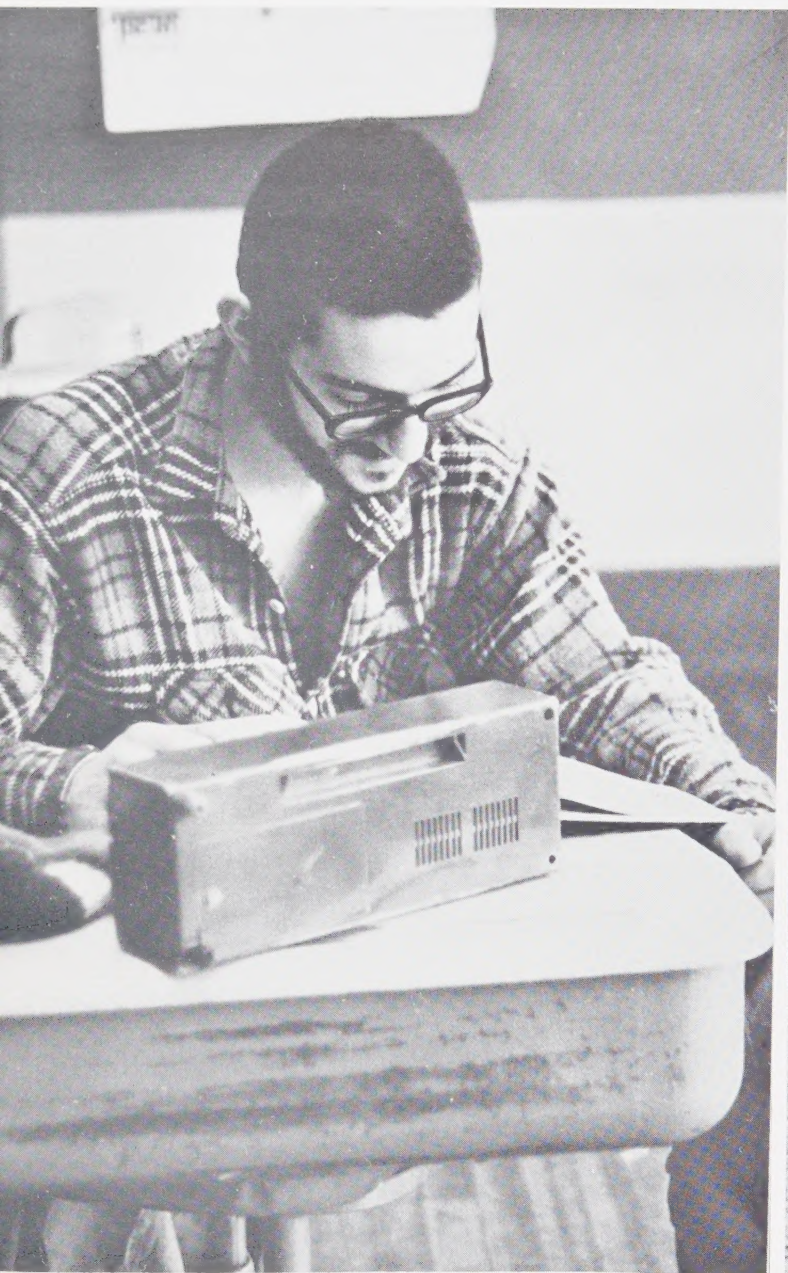
A. S. Kauson

Nigel James



Silas L. McHenry





Bill Garfield



Betty Dimmick



Tamara Best
Jennifer Mc Glothen
Max Norman



Mike Sherrill



Chuck Turner

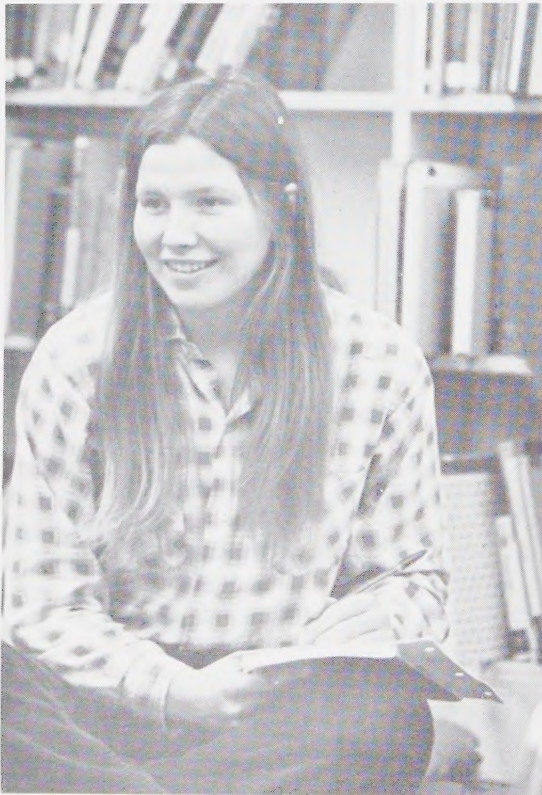
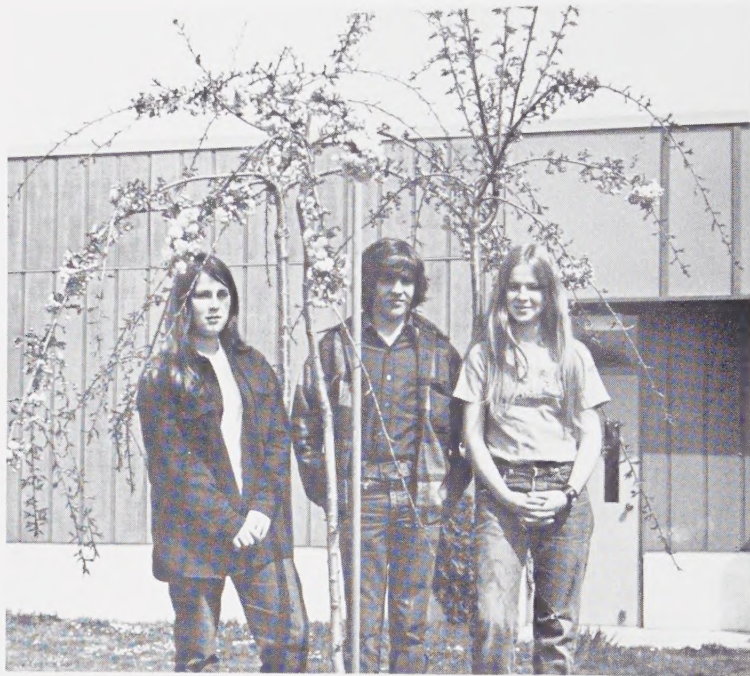


Bill Garfield
Brod Beckman



Beth Adamson

Kelly Camberg
Edna Borders
Tony Nawaz



Lois Borders

Ray NORMAN



Steve Adamson
Edna Borders
Robin Wood
Mark Olds

Dennis Simensen
Monica Wagan
Raymond Ries



Mike Ries





Clay Smith Kelly Beckman Bob Hanthorn

Mike Beckman
Hal Williams

David Saxler

Chuck Turner

Max Norman





*Lynne Rodgers
Dunise Ostrat*

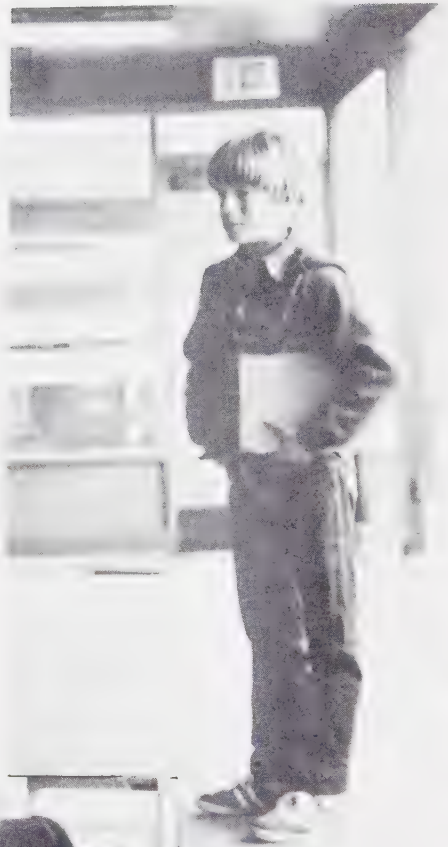


*Jennie
KIRSTEIN*

*Laura
Dickman
SHEILD
HECKER*

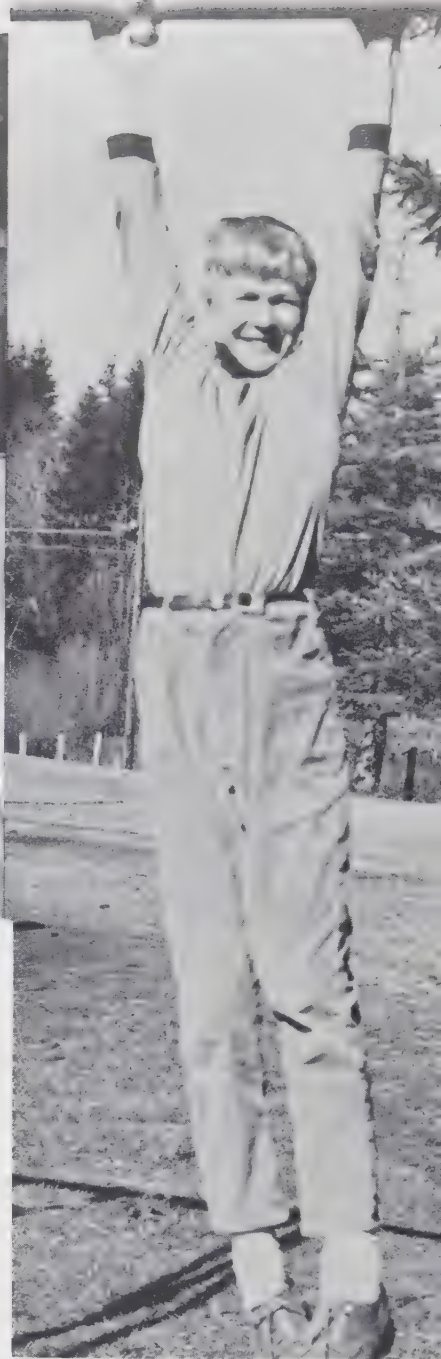
*Mark Smith
Judy Morgan*







John Reiman Gary Morgan



Henry Meekins

Cheryl Nectau

Marcy Hayman

Cara Judd





JERRY ROSENSTIEL
 Willie Combs
 Brian Hammerberg
 Herb, Camberg
 Mark Best
 Mark Simensen
 Dean Wheeler





Ben Reiersen
 Jami Reiersen
 Wade Morgan
 Don Wheeler
 Loren Berg
 Brian Semensen
 Skip Jensen
 Scott Frayser



Connie Rinkes
 Debbie Wood





LORI
MORGAN

CAROL
ADAMSON

Donnie Irvine
Dean Foster



Joan Layman







Daren Berg

Aaron Hanson

Doug Rodgers



Dawn McGlothen







*Jimmy
Mecker*



*Brenda
Morgan*



Michelle Miller

Cheri Smith

Reggie Mitchell
Buster McDonald
Sam Kirsten



Allen Hecker







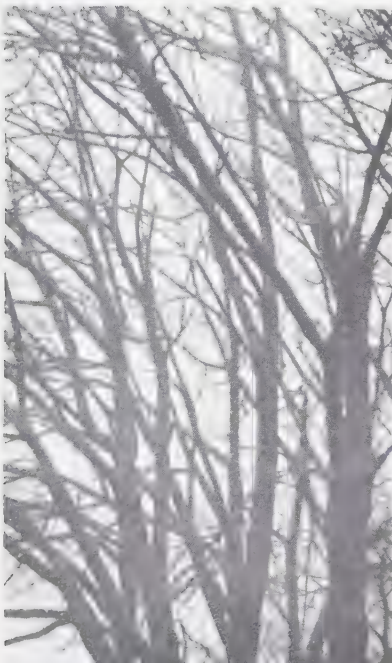
the greyness of the horizon
brings me to you
the only happiness I have found
in the greyness

and I have used you up

locked

i cannot walk away
if i do my dreams will not
be a part of me
i will die
yet only if i knew how to stay
then i would never be scared
but staying on brings no happiness

if i could run and be free
i would do it
i run and my heart would like to stop
i am in a dark greyness
and i am in a cold cell
and i cannot walk away



sometimes I sit
and watch people
all day and never
see a single
face

sometimes I sit
all day

sometimes I smile





you know you're a jock when your teacher thanks you for
answering a question before you finish answering it...

Look, Teacher!



it's wrong!!!
do it over!!!



Teachers are the
Crabgrass in the
green Lawn of Life!



"I can pass the Test"
"I can pass the Test"
"I can pass the Test"
"I can pass the Test"



"I can pass the Test"
"I can pass the Test"
"I can pass the Test"
"I can pass the Test"



That's enough for
positive thinking, don't
you think you ~~should~~ should do your Test



"I failed the Test"
"I failed the Test"
"I failed the Test"
"I failed the Test"



The Castle

Look, look upon thy desolate castle.
Amongst thee remains of past ruins
cluttered with useless ideas of yesteryear.
The cold drabness that abounds;
drowns all warmth.

But with sad and tired hearts we meet
here each day. Arriving on a gray path
amidst a beauty of lush green, gently
dreaming of happy and peaceful thoughts,
as to escape the harsh reality we face.

Together we heavily trod to the castle gate,
but each and every one is frighteningly alone.
For those who still had their virgin sensitivity,
the heavy weight of armor must be donned
as to elude the penetrating rays of harshness
that lurk unmercifully in the dark crevices.

Inward we're drawn into dark corridors,
past the hidden eyes that follow our every step.
Fearfully we glance at the menacing shadows
that seem to reach out and draw us into
their turmoil.

The drabness quickly snatches all warmth
and compassion that the bold attempt to
smuggle in quietly.

Desperate and suicidal feelings shroud our
minds, replacing what contentment and peace
we had held.

Angry and hard words abound and multiply
as soft and tender words shrivel and blow away,
away on a mellow mist.
They float off softly.

But the weight of my armor keeps me from following.
Here I remain within this desolate and forsaken castle.

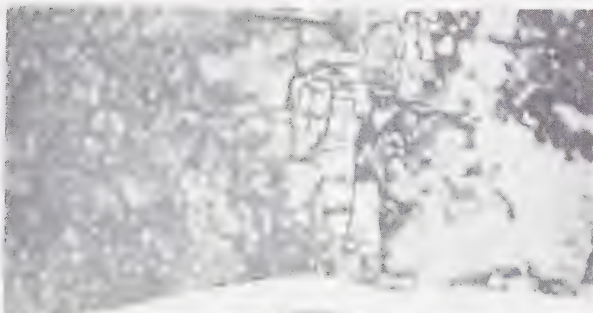
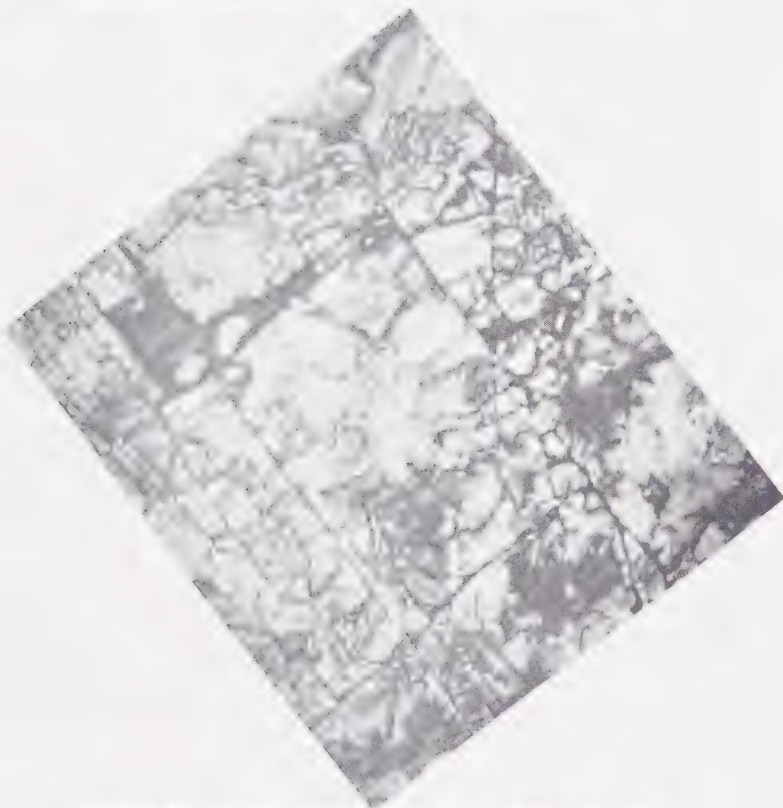
Wandering lost amongst the darkness of ignorance,
my silent, but heavy and forlorn tears fall
forming a stream of silver sadness, floating
past those who do not see.





i am how i perceive
i can be a thought
or a leaf
i can be nothing
or all

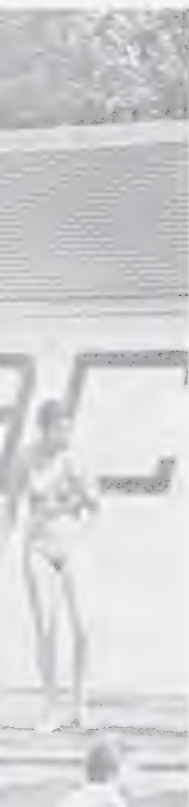
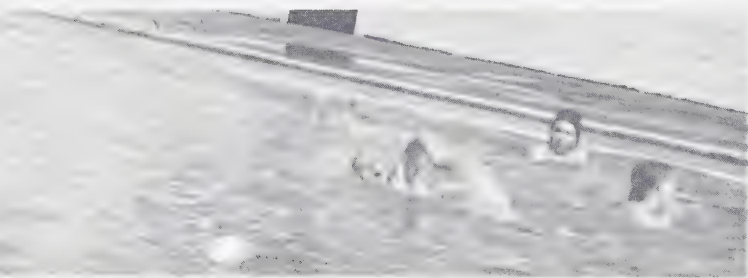
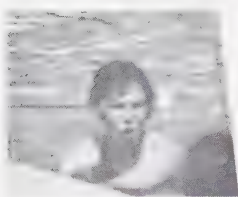
but nevertheless
i can be just what i am now
and nothing more or less







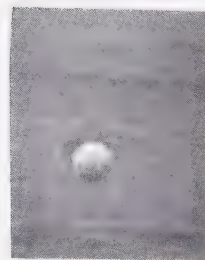














The 1975 Graduating Seniors were, Beth Adamson, Brad Beckman, Lois Borders, Betty Hickman, David Samuelson, Elaine Smith, and not pictured, Bill Garfield.



Speaker, John Spears





Oney's Restaurant
Elsie, Oregon

755-9205

Joe Camberg,
owner



Congratulations Class of "75"

David and I would like to thank our staff for a job well done. Monica, Wade, Brenda, Virginia, Maureen, MaryAnn, Laila, Ellen, Candy, Judy, Sharon, Max, Mark, Dennis, Donna, Kim, Vic & Grace.

We would like to thank each and every one in the community for your patronage.

Thank you very much,
David & Nellie

